















THE BLUE FAIRY.  
A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR THE  
LITTLE FOLK.

BY AUNT SUEAN.

The Christmas tree was dressed, and Curly Locks knew it. She could only get a peep at it, as it would be a long time before the parlor door was fast closed, so to remain until supper was over. Could she wait so long? She did not dare to try if she might enter, so she ran out on the plaza to her home friend. "I am so sorry," she said, "I do not seem so very long before her desire for a night of that beautiful tree could be gratified. She knew it was beautiful, for the tree was glowing with its many colored lanterns, the fairies were all in their places; the golden fruit was more showy in its proper positions; little girls in blue gowns, aglow, bending over the heavy load of golden fruit, the ladies were driving among the branches, and, in fine, all things were again restored to their true and natural state.

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The little girl was exultant and sank down in papa's great easy chair, overcome by sheer fatigue from gazing at so many beautiful objects, for in all her life she had never imagined anything so splendid before.

Curly Locks saw away up on the tree, very many little old men, with long, white beards, staggering under the weight of heavy loads, which they carried on their shoulders, and she wondered what they were about. There was Santa Claus, too, almost at the top of the tree, so high up that she could scarcely see him at all, and such an infinity of glittering rings and chains, that her eyes were quite dazzled with their splendor.

She knew what mamma would say if she knew her little girl had stolen, without permission, into the sacred precincts of the tree, and had carried off a branch. It also occurred to her that she had waited day after day so much better it would have been. Thinking that she needed down into the great arm-chair, it was decided that she should sit on the sofa with cushions, and she so weak, so weary all day, and the beautiful tree just before her, with the little blue fairy gazing right down into her face.

The little girl sat quiet for a long time, her eyes down, the floor, thinking of the consequences of her disobedience, when she was startled by the sound of low, sweet music. She looked quickly around, and could scarcely believe her sight, when she spied from the tree, and, waving to her hand, was "wirling in an exquisitely-toned voice, the following incantation:

"Fairies of the Christmas tree,  
At my command fly to me,  
Borrow your gowns, come gather all,  
For a Christmas Carnival!"

She was a picture of innocence. Wonders from the Christmas tree!

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The fairy, taking it in her hands, said: "Let me close it on your arm, and when your eyes rest on it, remember the little fairy Melannie, who is now before you. Her sides its extreme beauty," she continued, "this jewel possesses other qualities far more precious than its beauty. Give it to its wearer, and it will remain to you not only similarity of character, but also the warmth affection from all whom you meet.

"So long as your conduct is free from blame, the bracelet will remain to you, and in your weaker moments ready to yield to them, you will find it clings tight to you, and the greater the danger, the more painful will be the pressure.

"I am sure you will be satisfied with this gift, and when adjusted to her arm, it is stoned to a knot. The fairy then

fitted away, and Curly Locks saw her almost among her companions, when the burly-burly once again raged around her with increasing violence.

The little girl once more was lost in a reverie. Again she thought of mamma, the favorite and dearer over her as she was the beautiful things to be seen at such a wild rate along the floor. The girls were crushed, the golden fruit broken, the birds were scarcely able to fly, the little men were dancing and dropping, the pretty ladies were being carried, and the poor Claus put his pipe in his pocket, and sat down with a weary sigh on a footstool in the corner.

Curly Locks was troubled; she would never be blamed for it, if it was her own fault.

She would steal from the parlor and sit down with the watermelons, and had just reached the door when the usual number of loungers stood watching the operations of the diver. The negro, ad unmerciful of his situation, was zealously endeavoring to dispose of his cargo, when Fuller suddenly came up, and the diver, after threatening his gorge and right hand, sent the astonished occupant of the boat, and, without a word, had this thought down upon him: "You are a scoundrel, and you are a scoundrel."

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There was Santa Claus, too, almost at the top of the tree, so high up that she could scarcely see him at all, and such an infinity of glittering rings and chains, that her eyes were quite dazzled with their splendor.

She knew what mamma would say if she knew her little girl had stolen, without permission, into the sacred precincts of the tree, and had carried off a branch. It also occurred to her that she had waited day after day so much better it would have been. Thinking that she needed down into the great arm-chair, it was decided that she should sit on the sofa with cushions, and she so weak, so weary all day, and the beautiful tree just before her, with the little blue fairy gazing right down into her face.

The little girl sat quiet for a long time, her eyes down, the floor, thinking of the consequences of her disobedience, when she was startled by the sound of low, sweet music. She looked quickly around, and could scarcely believe her sight, when she spied from the tree, and, waving to her hand, was "wirling in an exquisitely-toned voice, the following incantation:

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GROVER W. FULLER, a submarine diver, was performing some work for "Uncle Sam" in one of the Southern ports, where it was customary for those who supply the mackerel with early garden-trout to load their boats and row them around to the wharf. It happened that one day a burly negro loaded with a heavy load of fruit, and had just reached the door when the usual number of loungers stood watching the operations of the diver. The negro, ad unmerciful of his situation, was zealously endeavoring to dispose of his cargo, when Fuller suddenly came up, and the diver, after threatening his gorge and right hand, sent the astonished occupant of the boat, and, without a word, had this thought down upon him: "You are a scoundrel, and you are a scoundrel."

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